



William Lindsay

WILLIAM AND MARY MAIR LINDSAY



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THE SETTLEMENT OF HEBER

13

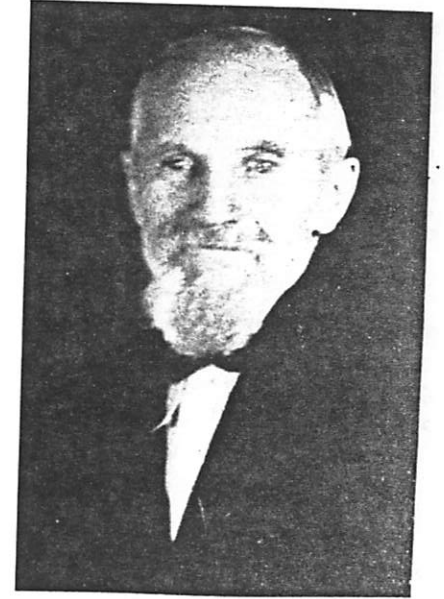


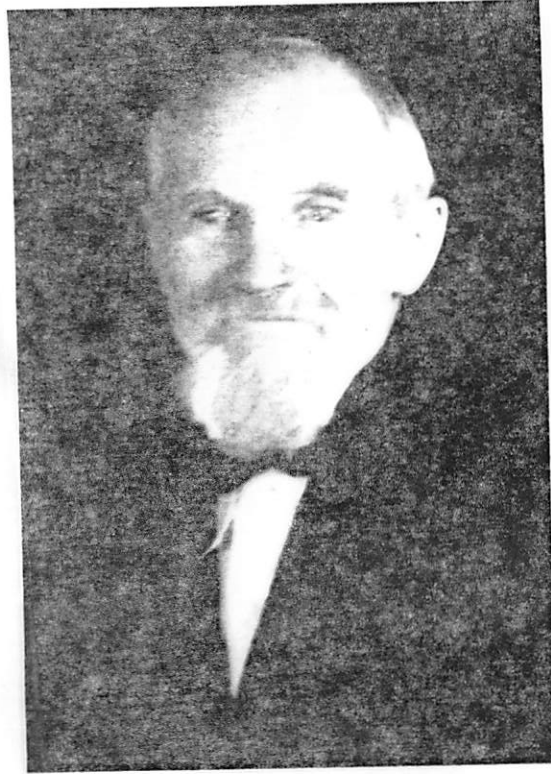
William Lindsay was born February 11, 1847, in Scotland. He was still in his ninth year when he went to the coal mine to assist his father and brother Robert. He remembers never seeing the sun in winter, except on Sunday, and of his mother waking them to get them off to the mine, with tears in her eyes because of their youth and the hard work required. The mine law said a boy must be 10 years old to be employed. One day the boss came into the mine and, seeing William, he asked if he was 10. William said he was not quite. The boss asked him to spell Carmelbank, which he did. He also gave him a book to read, which satisfied him as he said, "You are a clever boy and deserve a shilling." This was the first money he had ever been given and was proud of it. He had lost the sight of his right eye when two years old. His father was killed in the coal mine when he

was 14. With his mother and seven brothers and sisters, they left Scotland and sailed for Zion, arriving in Heber on September 21, 1862. He accepted a job on a farm, receiving \$100 a year, payable in grain, to help feed the family. He later acquired an ox team and heavy wagon, and hauled coal from Silver Creek to Salt Lake to help the family. In 1866 he joined the territorial militia, as the Black Hawks were on the war path, for which service he in later years received a pension. To be able to do this he led an oxen team laden with produce to Salt Lake to buy guns for he and his brothers to use.

In the fall of 1867 he was one of three men chosen to go from Heber to haul granite blocks from Little Cottonwood Canyon to Salt Lake to build the Temple. In 1868 he drove an ox team and wagon in a caravan that brought immigrants from the Platte River to Salt Lake City. On December 15, 1868, he married Mary Mair, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake. It took two days to make the trip with oxen. His brother Robert and his sweetheart, Sarah Ann Murdock, went along and they were married the same day. Their mother accompanied them. While in the city they bought 100 pounds of flour for \$10, two straight chairs, a small rocker, one brass kettle of molasses, a few other needed things, and started home. But one of the oxen became lame and Mary had to take turns prodding it along behind the sleigh. Their first home was built of logs, a cellar with sandstone wall and floor, on the corner of Third East and First North, where Lowe Ashton now lives. Mary was a fine homemaker. She had worked in homes where she learned the fundamentals of cooking, nursing, sewing, etc. She was kind and cheerful, as was her husband, and they got along fine, each working to help make life a successful, happy adventure.

William entered a homestead on Lake Creek in 1876, taking their three little ones. They worked hard grubbing sagebrush to clear the land, build ditches for water, and all that goes to make a good farm. A seven-room farmhouse took the place of the first log cabin, and in 1876 William walked to Salt Lake to file for his citizenship papers. Although he was not privileged to obtain an education, he studied and did what





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